



Bonebreaker



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Chapter 1 by Nebang

Stolen in childhood, we were raised as perfect killers. Bonebreakers - that's what they called us.

"I hate them! Hate them all. Hate! Hate! Hate! H-h-h..."

Owing to titanium endoskeletons implanted in our bones each of us, possessing monstrous power, was able to crunch any bone of human body.

"Where is my mother? Where is my home? Who am I?!"

Now I am alone. I am twenty years old and the last bonebreaker who survived. The only one who surmounted all the deathly ordeals, experiments and trial tests.

Not sure if I will live an hour or even less time more, I am facing a squad of military men who are standing at the exit of hangar, directing their arms at me.

Enclosure life made a weapon of me. All right, let's look how you stand me! Your bullets against my strength and endoskeleton.

I make a small step, blood dropping off my bare hands, then draw forward and run.

Chapter 2 by Ray



My heart pounded like a set of tribal drums in some ceremony. All I could think of was ripping the hearts out of the dozen or more troops I was heading towards.

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dislocated joints, destroyed limbs, and snapped necks. The militia was not match for my extraordinary strength, speed, and agility. These guys had never met anything like me. Talk about being unprepared.

What was weird is I enjoyed the slaughtering of these men. It was however self defense of course, but to let loose my rage was invigorating. I felt as if this is what I was born to do. I was put on this earth to destroy, annihilate, and obliterate any and everything in my path.

"It is finished," I thought to myself as I turned and looked at my path of destruction. Dawn was beginning to break as I reviewed the destruction and havoc I caused. I noticed my hands hue as the sun came upon the horizon. They gleamed a wet crimson red. You would think I was tired or in pain, but I truly believe I could have fought into this coming evening as well. I did hate it had to come to this, but as the old saying goes 'it was either them or me'.

As I stood there mesmerized over the numerous bodies, I failed to realize the unmarked helicopter hovering above. I heard a name yelled out, "Alex, come on, we need to hurry before more come," the deep voice yelled. A ladder withdrew from the copter and without question I quickly jumped up and grabbed it.

Chapter 3 by Sebastian Aparicio



Yanking my metallic bones up with ease, burning the palms of my hands on the coarse rope-ladder.

The clingy wind pushing and pulling me in whatever direction it liked, augmenting itself to play with me as I hung on, the clang of my heavy-duty boots on the floor of the helicopter seemed to bounce off the walls. Louder than the bored wind, old-fashioned motor and perpetually spinning blade above me. But not louder than his breath.

"How many times Alex?"

He was mad. I've seen him annoyed before, but this was something else. He was practically choking on the air he breathed, struggling to contain an explosion of words that would shower

everyone and everything in it's path with pain and spit.

"You can't just kill every single op."

He bluded.

"I for fuck's sake. This was a mission. A mission. In and out, no bodies. And now you've got what? 30? 40? More?"

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My lips sealed shut I knew better than to speak. Or to look him in the eyes. Or even breathe too loud. He was scary. Especially when he's frantic.

"For fucks sake!"

He turned away, holding his head in his hands as I could see the sweat on the back of his head trickle down and wet the top of his back.

"Still.."

His tone was soft, but icy. Piercing with every syllable.

"..I guess this is what I get for having the last Bonebreaker as a partner huh?".

Sitting down on a bunk, my eyes locked on the clouds moving across as we fly by.

This fucking mask is too hot.

I grab the black material and pull it out, my sweat staining my face as I release it from it's captivity. I drop it by my feet, before looking down at my hands.

Or more, accurately, the dried blood and fresh blood mixed on my burnt palms. Every crease on my hand, every contour and every bump covered in every shade of red. From a burnt autumn umber to a brilliant, beating crimson. These are the hands of a murderer.

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